

THE SATURDAY

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EVENING POST

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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HENRY PETERSON.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

GONE AWAY.

I see the farm-homes red and old,
Above the roof its maples sway;
The hills behind are bleak and cold,
The wind comes up and dies away.

I gaze within each empty room,
And as I gaze a gnawing pain
Is at my heart, at thought of those
Who ne'er will pass the doors again.

And strolling down the orchard slope,
(So wide a likeness grief will crave),
Each dead leaf seems a wither'd hope,
Each mossy hillock looks a grave.

They will not hear me if I call;
They will not see these tears that start;
'Tis autumn—autumn with it all—
And worse than autumn in my heart.

Oh, leaves, so dry, and dead, and sore!
I can recall some happier hours,
When summer's glory linger'd here,
And summer's beauty touch'd the flowers.

Adown the slope a slender shape
Danced lightly, with her flying curls,
And manhood's deeper tones were blent
With the gay laugh of happy girls.

Oh, stolen meetings at the gate!
Oh, lingers in the open door!
Oh, moonlight rambles long and late!
My heart can scarce believe them o'er.

And yet the silence strange and still,
The air of sadness and desay,
The moss that grows upon the sill,—
Yes, love and hope have gone away!

So like, so like a worn-out heart,
Which the last tenant finds too cold,
And leaves for evermore, as they
Have left this homestead, red and old.

Poor empty house! poor lonely heart!
'Twere well if bravely, side by side,
You waited, till the hand of Time
Each ruin's mossy wreath supplied.

I leave upon the gate and sigh;
Some bitter tears will force their way,
And then I bid the place good-bye
For many a long and weary day.

I cross the little ice-bound brook
(In summer 'tis a noisy stream),
And round, to take a last fond look,
All round has faded like a dream!

THREE KINDS OF FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."

MIDNIGHT DOINGS.

CHAPTER III.

The hot rays of the sun in June were on the West-end streets, as three gentlemen strolled arm-in-arm through one of them. Three men more different in appearance it would be rare to meet. He who walked in the middle was by far the best-looking, a young man of four-and-twenty, attired in mourning. His regular features had an open expression, his blue eyes were set somewhat deep in his head, and their long eyelashes, nearly black, were darker than his hair. He on the right was a stout man of five or six-and-fifty, with a burly manner, and a big head covered with a mass of iron gray hair; and his prominent eyes shone out, hard and bold, through his gold-rimmed glasses. The other was short and thin, and stooped in the shoulders, with keen jet-black eyes overhanging a hooked nose; and his eyes looked too keen, and his nose too hooked, for his thirty years. The stout one was Colonel Haughton, the keen one Mr. Piggott, and the middle one Charles Dalrymple. Suddenly the latter stood still, and gazed across the street.

"What now, Dalrymple?"

"There's my cousin Oscar. If ever I saw him in my life, that he is. What brings him in town? I'll wish you good-day, and be after him."

"To meet to-night?" quickly cried Colonel Haughton.

"To meet to-night of course. No fear of my not coming for my revenge." And so saying, Charles Dalrymple disengaged himself from the other two, and flew across the street.

"Oscar, Oscar, is it you? When did you get here?"

"Ah! how are you? I was on my way to South Audley street to find you out."

"Come for a long stay?" demanded Charles, as he linked his arm within his cousin's—who, by the way, was a cousin some degrees removed.

"I came to-day, and I return to-morrow," replied Oscar Dalrymple.

"You don't mean that, man? Visit London in the height of the season, and stop a day only! Such a calamity was never heard of!"

"I cannot afford to stay," said Oscar. "My purse is not long enough for London."

"Then what did you come for?"

"A small matter of business brought me," returned Oscar; who did not choose to tell Charles that he was come to look after him. News of Charles's doings, or rather misdoings, had travelled to his mother's remote home, the Grange, and she had written to Oscar to proceed to London and see what was amiss.

Oscar said nothing of this. Cold, cautious, and secretive, he determined first of all to look and mark: he might gather something by signs. If ever two natures were opposed to each other, his and Charles's were: the one all cool calculation, the other all thoughtless impulse.

Oscar had also the advantage of Charles by half a dozen years.

They dined together at Charles's rooms. Charles urged some out-door attractions afterwards, but he urged them in vain; Oscar preferred to remain at home. So they sat, and smoked, and sipped their wine; at least, Charles smoked, Oscar was not given to the habit. Still he said nothing. At eleven o'clock he rose.

"It is time for sober people to be in bed, Charles. I hope I have not kept you up?"

"No!" returned Oscar, looking surprised, whether he felt so or not. "What do you mean?"

"I am engaged for the evening to Colonel Haughton."

"It is a curious time to begin an evening. What are you going to do at Colonel Haughton's?"

"Can't tell till I get there."

"Can I accompany you?"

Charles's face turned grave.

"No," said he, "it is a liberty I may not take. Colonel Haughton might resent it. He is a peculiar-tempered man."

"Good night."

"Good-night, Oscar. Come to breakfast at ten."

Oscar Dalrymple departed. But he did not proceed to the hotel, where he had engaged a bed; on the contrary, he took up his station in a shady place, whence he could see the door he had just come out of; covering there like a housebreaker watching the putting out of the lights in the house he contemplated honoring with a midnight visit; or like a policeman keeping himself dark while he watches for a house-breaker. Presently he saw Charles Dalrymple emerge from it, and betake himself away.

Hardly had his echoing footsteps died out, when Oscar retraced his steps to the house and knocked. His cousin's own man answered it. A faithful servant, getting on in years now. Charles was the third of the family he had served.

"Reuben," said Mr. Dalrymple, "I think I have left a note-case in the sitting-room. I am come back to find it."

The note-case was looked for without success; and Oscar discovered that it was safe in his pocket. Perhaps he knew that, all the while.

"I am sorry to have troubled you for nothing, Reuben. Did I call you out of your bed?"

"No," answered the man, shaking his head. "There's rarely much bed for me now, before daylight, Mr. Oscar."

"How is that?" inquired Oscar.

"I suppose young men must be young men," he replied. "I should not mind that; but Mr. Charles is getting into just the habits of his uncle."

Oscar looked up quickly.

"His uncle, Charles Dalrymple?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Ay, he is. My heart is almost mad at times with fear. However, I suppose I must not talk about it. If my dear late master was alive, though I should just go down to the Grange and tell him everything."

A new idea floated over the mind of Oscar as he listened. It gathered strength. Mrs. Dalrymple had not mentioned whence she had received news of Charles's exploits, but he now felt sure it was from no other than Reuben.

"I came up to-day, at Mrs. Dalrymple's request," said Oscar; "but that must not be told to Mr. Charles. Tell me all, Reuben, for I have to report it at the Grange. How is he going on?"

"Not well, sir. And should things ever come to a crisis with him, as they did with the first Charles Dalrymple, I thought, maybe, Mrs. Dalrymple would blame me for not having warned her. Therefore I wrote."

Oscar Dalrymple had not taken his eyes off the servant during the last sentence. Some of its words struck strangely upon his ear.

"Do you fancy—do you fear—things may come to a crisis with him, as they did with his uncle?" he breathed, in a low voice.

"Not, as far as I know; not to the same crisis, as to him." And the servant's agitation was so great that the tone of his voice approached a scream.

"Mr. Dalrymple! how could you think it?"

"Nay, Reuben—I think it! Your words alone led me to the thought."

"I meant as to his money. Nothing else; nothing else, Mr. Oscar."

"Let me hear what you know, and what you fear."

"He has fallen into just such a horrid gambling set as that his uncle got into. One of them is the very same man. They sought him out; they did, Mr. Dalrymple, and he never would have got into it of his own accord. I was in the room to-night, sir, when he told you he was going to Colonel Haughton's. It was that very man who ruined his uncle."

"Colonel Haughton!"

"It was. He was only Captain Haughton in those days; he is a colonel now. A colonel by courtesy only, I should call him, for I hear he has sold out of the army long ago. It's to know whether he was not turned out. And they say he has nothing whatever to live upon. Colonel Haughton called here some days ago; I knew his face again, though it's a bloated one now, and his hair's gray, and he had got on spectacles. And he knew me. Perhaps he remembered that the last time we ever met was over the dead body of poor Charles Dalrymple; for he went shuffling away, and he has never called since. I asked Mr. Charles if he knew how Haughton lived—without saying that I could

tell anything about him—and he said, No. "On his property" he supposed. Fine property," contemptuously added Reuben; "he has nothing but what he fleeces others of."

Oscar made no comment. He waited for more.

"It was when I found he had drawn Mr. Charles into his meshes that I wrote to Mrs. Dalrymple. Every night, every night, as the nights—or, I may say, the mornings—come round, at two, three, four o'clock does Mr. Charles come home, flushed and haggard; yes, sir, flushed and haggard; the two go together with gamblers, though you may not fancy so."

"You think he gambles?"

"I am sure he does; I know the signs too well; I had that experience with his uncle before him. Sometimes he will come home the worse for drink; sometimes he will be sober, and then he seems the most wretched. He will often walk about the room for an hour before getting into bed. I hear him from mine, pacing about like one in a frenzy. He appeared laughing and jocular before you, Mr. Oscar, but it was all put on."

"Have you warned him? or tried to stop him?"

"I gave her up because there was nothing else to be done. The accident, by which my father lost his life was owing to me, and it was but right that I should sacrifice my own prospects to provide for my mother and sisters. Justice demanded it of me."

"In a degree: but not in the chivalrous style you have gone to work. You might have married Isabel Lynn, and yet have provided for Mrs. Dalrymple and your sisters."

"How?"

"How! Suppose you had divided your income, there would have been a thousand a year for each party. Neither would have starved upon it. And there was Miss Lynn's fortune to add to yours."

"I did think, afterwards, that I had been hasty. What you now say occurred to my own mind. However, it is of no use dwelling upon it. It is too late."

"No, it is not too late. Mrs. Dalrymple will, no doubt, readily—"

"I tell you it is too late," burst forth Charles, in a sharp tone, and Oscar thought it was one of anguish, if he had ever heard one.

Oscar Dalrymple left London that night for the Grange. He found he could do nothing with Charles, so he resolved to "wash his hands of him" (his own expression to himself) by laying the facts before Mrs. Dalrymple. She must do as she best could in the matter. Oscar Dalrymple was not aware that he had come to town too late. He might have been able to effect no good if he arrived earlier, but now the power to do so was removed from all.

Charles Dalrymple was ruined. Not only were all his available funds gone, but he had entered into liabilities thick and threefold, far beyond what the rent-roll at the Grange would be sufficient to meet. He had told Oscar he did not play much the previous night. Why did he not? Because he had nothing left to play with, and had sat a gloomy, morose man, looking on at the others. Introduced to the evil fascinations of play by Colonel Haughton, that man had drawn him in until the unhappy mania took full hold upon Charles himself. To remain away from the gambling-table for one night would have been intolerable, for the feverish disease was raging within him. Poor infatuated man!—poor infatuated men, all of whom, thus lose themselves!—he was positively indulging a vision of success and hope: every time that he approached the pernicious table, it was rife within him, buoying him up, and urging him on—that luck might turn in his favor, that night, that very night, and he might win the Grange back, and the value of another Grange to it, and so regain Isabel.

"I found these words somewhat strange," continued Reuben, "but his true meaning never struck upon me—oh," he wailed, clasping his hands, "it never struck upon me. My thoughts only turned to Scotland; for my master had been talking of going there to see a Scotch laird, a friend of his, and I believed he had took full hold upon Charles himself. To remain away from the gambling-table for one night would have been intolerable, for the feverish disease was raging within him. Poor infatuated man!—poor infatuated men, all of whom, thus lose themselves!—he was positively indulging a vision of success and hope: every time that he approached the pernicious table, it was rife within him, buoying him up, and urging him on—that luck might turn in his favor, that night, that very night, and he might win the Grange back, and the value of another Grange to it, and so regain Isabel.

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of crime and shame upon him? He got to Charing-cross, and there he halted, and listened to the different dooms striking one. Should he turn back to South Audley street? And encounter Reuben, who had tried to save him, and had failed? And go to bed, and wait, with what calmness he might, till the law claimed him? Hardly. Anywhere but home. The breeze was stronger now; it blew from the direction of the water. Charles Dalrymple replaced his hat, pulled it firmly on his head to hide his eyes from the night, and dragged his steps towards Westminster bridge.

Of all places in the world—the bridge and the tempest stream!—what evil power impelled him there?

Reuben sat up the livelong night. His master never came. Fearing, he knew not what, and attacking more importance to Charles's having remained out than he might have done at another time, he betook himself, between eight and nine, to Mr. Piggott's. That gentleman did not live in very fashionable lodgings, and his address there was not usually given; but Reuben had gone on a fishing tour, some days before, to catch what information he could, as to the private concerns of Mr. Piggott and Col. Haughton, and had found it out.

The shipboard servant knew nothing; only that Mr. Piggott "wasn't up yet." So Reuben, without any opposition, appeared before his chamber door, and knocked at it, a sharp, loud knock.

"Who's there?"

Another knock, sharper than before.

"Come in."

Reuben walked in.

"Sir," was his unceremonious address, "do you know anything of my master?"

"I!" cried Mr. Piggott, when he had recovered his surprise. "I do not. Why?"

"I thought you might, sir, as you took him out last night. He said he was going to play with you and Colonel Haughton. He has not returned home, and there's some important business waiting for him, so I want to find him."

Reuben had spoken out daringly, but the "important business" was an impromptu invention.

"He left us last night between twelve and one; to go home, as I suppose," said Mr. Piggott, somewhat taken-to. "I know nothing more."

Nobody else knew anything more, though Reuben did not scruple to question all he came across, especially Colonel Haughton. The day wore on, and the servant was half distracted. His master had never remained away like this.

Another night passed, Sunday morning arose, and tidings came of Charles and his probable fate. A hat had been found in the Thames the previous day, floating away with the tide. Inside it was written "C. Dalrymple," and it was brought to Reuben to be owned or disowned. He recognized it in a moment. It was the one his unfortunate master had worn that night. How could it have come in the water, and where, then, was Charles Dalrymple? Little need to speculate. Some bargemen, who were in their vessel, lying close to the side of Westminster bridge, came forward and deposed that about two o'clock on Saturday morning they had heard a weight drop into the water—"as if a body had thrown itself right on to the Thames, 'o purpose to make a hole in it.' A person had also seen Mr. Dalrymple on the bridge, and recognized him, not many minutes before. The melancholy tale soon spread over London—that Charles Dalrymple had drowned himself; another victim to Play.

"It runs in the family," quoth some one who remembered the former catastrophe; "like uncle, like nephew. The name of Charles Dalrymple must be a fatal one."

"I would at least have used a pistol, and gone out of the world like a gentleman," was the bad remark of that bad man, Colonel Haughton, as he stood on the Sunday night—yes, the Sunday night—and addressed those collected around him in the—place with the hot name.

Meanwhile, Oscar Dalrymple, travelling all night, had reached the Grange on Saturday morning. Never in his life, fond of Charles, scarcely tolerant of him, he did not spare him now, but openly proclaimed his delinquencies to his mother and sisters. The pain to all was great: the shock to Mrs. Dalrymple very great; she knew how fatal the vice had already been in the family. But in the midst of her reproachful anger towards Charles, she felt that Oscar need not have betrayed him to his sisters. She said as much.

"I differ from you," replied Oscar. "When a man enters on ruinous courses, to hide it from any of his family is not expedient. It is only by letting his feel their marked disapprobation of his conduct, that any hope of amelioration can be looked for. Selina and Alice must not pet and fester him as they have hitherto done. Such is my opinion."

Such was not Mrs. Dalrymple's. "What plan can be adopted?" she asked, quitting that part of the subject. "Did he positively refuse to come down with you?"

"He positively refused. I might as well have tried to move a mountain down here. Something ought to be done—if you could only tell what. Of course things get worse, night by night. Any night he may stake the Grange."

"Stake the Grange!" uttered Selina Dalrymple. "What do you mean?"

"Stake it and lose it," added Oscar. "When the mania for play sets in on a man, he is not content to confine his ventures to trifles."

"But, I do not understand," returned Selina. "How could he stake the Grange? It is in the Dalrymple family, and cannot go out of it."

"He might stake its value. Mortgage it, that is, for his own life."

"And could we not remain in it?" she quickly asked.

"Severe. It might take every shilling of its coming to pay off the interest. You could not remain here upon nothing."

"Would it be sacrificed: useless to us for so long as Charles lived?" Selina reiterated, not comprehending yet.

Oscar nodded. "I am only saying what he might do: I do not say he will. He might so hamper himself, and involve the estate, that he could never derive further benefit from it. Or his family either, so long as he lived."

"Would it return to us at his death? I am sure if he is to sit up all night, he will destroy his health and die," she mournfully added.

"It—would return into the family," spoke Oscar, hesitating where the pause has been put.

Charles Dalrymple, who had been buried in a reverie, looked up. A contingency had occurred to her which he had never thought of before: so entirely had the Grange been theirs, in their father's recent lifetime, and in the certainty of its descending to Charles afterwards. "Suppose anything were to happen to Charles," she said, "whose would the Grange be?—Mamma's!"

No one answered her.

"Oscar, I ask you, would it go to mamma?"

"No."

"To whom, then?"

"My dear," interposed Mrs. Dalrymple, "it would be Oscar's. It goes in the male line."

The answer took both the young ladies by surprise, but they were silent. They stole a glance at him: a red, conscious light had flown into his usually pale cheek.

"I never knew it," breathed Selina.

"And it is of little import that you know it now," cried Oscar. "I am as likely to come into the Grange as I am to be made prime minister. Charles is a younger man than I am."

"But, if Charles were to play it away," responded Alice, "it would be yours then."

"Alice, you must be unusually dull to-day," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "Were Charles to be so infatuated—which I have little fear of; none, indeed—it would not be Oscar's, any more than it is now."

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

A TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT—WHY DO YOU LAUGH?—THE PASSPORT NUISANCE—AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Paris, February 25, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The amazement of the public on this side of the channel at the sudden caprice of the House of Commons, and its resulting effects, is naturally very great, and has led to a deal of wordy declamation in all the journals. The Emperor, like a sensible man, will probably take matters quietly, and wait for a sample of the doings of the new British Cabinet in full confidence of uninterrupted amity; for he has lived long enough in England to know that the intelligence of the country is heartily and earnestly in favor of the Anglo-French alliance, and that any administration which should lose sight of that fact would be speedily overthrown.

While the last balls of the Carnival have come and gone, with their masks, their costumes, and their various extravagances, and the churches are filled with crowds of women, and a thin sprinkling of the other sex, M. Michielis, a well-known writer of considerable talent, and renowned for his love of analytic investigation, has put forth a book called *The Theory of the Comic*, in which he attempts the solution of the problem, *What is the nature of laughter, and why do we laugh?* A question which comes in very appropriately at the end of the mirthful season just closed, as the Parisians have now a store of merriment in their memory, and may proceed to let the theory of the author by their own remembrances, and so relieve the gravity of Lenten meditations.

For several years, M. Michielis has been busy observing his neighbors, the public, and himself, and every time a laugh occurred within the sphere of his observation, he wrote down the manifestation, the circumstances that called it forth, and the mode of its production; after which he set himself to work to analyse the instance, with a view to ascertain what springs of the human mind had been set in movement thereby, and the nature of the relation between the various elements of the resulting phenomenon; in other words, to ascertain "the how, the why, and the wherefore" of the cachinatory process. The curious book just published gives us the results of all these analyses.

Our author lays down as the foundation of his new theory, the principle that whatever is contrary to the ideal of absolute perfection excites the scorn of the human race, and produces a comic effect on the mind. This ideal embraces every aspect of our nature, and all our relations with the external world. It is the duty of man to possess in himself the most diverse species of worthiness, and so to regulate his affections and his intellectual powers as that all his faculties may be in a state of perpetual equilibrium. He must keep himself in a state of harmonious relation with everything about him; on the one hand, with his fellow beings; on the other, with the physical agencies and objects that surround him. If he fail to arrive at this result, he is immediately punished for his ill-success by becoming ridiculous.

Having thus laid down his principle, the author proceeds to demonstrate its soundness by the method of application and deduction.

Every human being ought to be beautiful. Deviations from this rule render a man comical. Undue thinness or plumpness, disproportioned arms or legs, an ill-formed head, any physical deformity, in short, any ugliness, incite a man's neighbors to amuse themselves at his expense, unless, indeed, the deformity be accompanied with physical suffering, in which case the hilarity of the spectator is changed by pity into compassion. In like manner, any weakness, ignorance, or aberration of mind, excites our amusement, unless the obliquity be so great as to change our mirth into horror or disgust.

But the sentiment of *comicality* is not excited only by the oddities of physical conformation, and the errors of action that spring from ignorance or the want of mental balance. Our passions and affections should all point to the noblest objects, and there should also exist a perfect harmony between the measure of their intensity and the degree of the worth and importance of those objects. A youth in love with a contemporary of his great-grandmother, an octogenarian at the feet of a beauty of sixteen, a philosopher so intent upon the abstractions of the intelligence as to lose sight of the simplest and most necessary conditions of everyday existence, a scientific mind exclusively absorbed in beetles, the passion of a Titan for a Bottom, the admiration of a blockhead for a talent which he cannot comprehend, and of people in general for some pot predition which is utterly devoid of charm to their neighbors, every sentiment or passion, that is to say, not evidently justified by the worthiness of its object, provokes a fit of hilarity on the part of the spectator.

Our instincts should be subordinated to our reason, and the conditions of life should aid us in attaining the aims of our mental and affectional activities. Thus the caprices, the obstacles, and the accidents which impair the absolute perfection, and hinder the satisfaction, of our careers, are an inexhaustible source of jokes and riddles. Incompatibility of humor between people destined to live together, or of ideas, sentiments, and convictions between persons who come together in society, produce dissidences that provoke the sense of the ludicrous whether they occur in the domestic or social sphere, or in that of literature, commerce, politics, science, or art.

Failure in any enterprise, implying disparity between the intention and the power of performance, want of attention to the received proprieties of manners and deportment, or exaggerated attention to them, showing disparity between man and his social surroundings; the insistence upon some aim or topic to which those around him are indifferent, implying disparity of judgment and of feeling; all these, and a thousand other similar discrepancies, provoke the mirth of those around us.

According to this theory, all we have to do, in order to secure ourselves from the shafts of ridicule, is simply to be perfect in mind, body, estate, and all the relations of life. We shall thus be in harmony with the ideal of perfection, and no one will be ever tempted to make fun of us; and we shall also be happy, virtuous, wise,

and successful, as a matter of course, and without having to give ourselves any special trouble for the attainment of those ends. We thus find that the sentiment of the comic is of great service in acting as a guide, to show us what to avoid, and thus, by a negative action, driving us towards the perfection which is the opposite of the defects and mistakes which draw on us the ridicule we wish to avoid. You dislike being laughed at? Be so perfect that you offer no incongruity to excite the smile of your neighbors, and you are sure of escaping this formidable hilarity that you dread. Thus our very vanity serves as our teacher; and nature, in her maternal solicitude, has not only given us the sun, moon, and stars of conscience, judgment, and science to light our paths, but is seen to have hung a lantern in the dark places of our weaknesses and extravagances, by hiding lessons of wisdom in the mechanism of the human laugh.

But, argues our author, it may at first sight seem incomprehensible that defects should cause laughter; for we know, for example, that a disagreeable odor, a defective form, in fact any want of harmony, is not productive of the slightest pleasurable emotion; why, then, should folly, ignorance or extravagance have this power? How should the imperfections of our neighbors excite our gaiety, in which emotion a feeling of pleasure is always mingled, to a greater or less degree? Our pleasure, he answers, is not produced by the vices which we perceive; it has a higher and purer source.—The sentiment of the Comic possesses this analogy with that of the Sublime, that it does not draw its efficacy from the external world; both of them derive their existence from phenomena of the mind, from a particular disposition of our mental existence. Sublimity is not a quality inherent in the things that call it forth; but such objects or actions have the power of rousing in our minds the sense of the Infinite, to which perception it appertains. In like manner, but conversely, irregularities, incongruities and deficiencies, ignorance, folly, incompatibility, disproportion, &c., are not in themselves comic, but their manifestations have the effect of exciting the sense of the Ludicrous in our mind, because they contradict the ideal of the Perfect and the Absolute; and thus, the manifestations of Strength, Beauty, Grandeur, attaining the highest limits possible to our organs, awaken in us the ideal of the Infinite, and produce the feeling of the sublime; or, conversely, the defects of things awaken in us, by force of contrast, the same ideal, provoking our mirth by their opposition and contrast thereto.

This thesis the author maintains with abundance of argument, and a great number of cuts illustrative of the various points involved; and at what, whatever we may think of the explanation he thus furnishes us of "the peculiar faculty of man," future ages will certainly throw the weight of their acceptance into the balance.

A subject which is by no means "a laughing matter," is that of the new difficulties which have been contrived in the regulations of the Passport Department, already so bristling with wormitum, delay, and every species of official torment. It really seems as though it were the intention of the Government to let no one into the country, and to let no one, if in, get out again. The recital of the miseries of those who are needing to go abroad is something that surpasses one's utmost idea of the proverbial *exactoriness* of the process of getting one's passport in order.

For instance, a friend of mine here, had kindly undertaken the troublesome and responsible business of choosing a French maid for a grand London lady, who wanted a paragon of dressing, trimming, coiffure, clear-starching, and dress-making, combined with honesty, industry, good morals, good temper, and good accent, not always easy to obtain. However, my friend, who is a pretty good judge in such cases, took the field in her friend's behalf, and was so fortunate as to secure a phoenix of a creature, a pearl, a jewel of lady's-maids, and who had no objection to go to London. Character was ascertained, wages and duties satisfactorily settled, the whole arrangement made, and the phoenix employed to execute a number of commissions for her future mistress, all of which was done in the most complete and successful manner. As the phoenix had travelled much with former mistresses, she had passports and papers, as she thought, all in form; and marched down to the Prefecture of Police a few days ago to get her passport endorsed for London, little suspecting the hornet's nest she was putting her foot into. The people at the Prefecture told her that her passport was no longer valid; since the row of last month, a new passport being made necessary. And this new passport they would not give her until she brought witnesses to prove that she was really the same person she pretended to be; in addition to her having to show her certificates of birth, baptism, and half-a-dozen others, imaginable only in the depths of red-tapeism. She got witnesses, whom she was obliged to pay (for no one does anything for nothing in this chivalrous France), and two dollars lost thus to a poor girl out of her wages is not a trifle. When she marched down again to the Prefecture, with the affidavits of her witnesses, proving that she was herself, and inhabited the lodgings of which she had given the address, they told her she could not have her passport without producing a certificate from her last place before entering her present lodgings. Now, her last mistress, wishing to be rid of her, had need a maid, dismissed her for that sole reason: and Marie, the phoenix, instead of taking another place, went into lodgings, and resumed her old trade of dress-making, just to get her hand fully in again before seeking a new place. Her last mistress left Paris, and is now in Belgium or Russia, or somewhere in the north, and a great way off; which is all Marie knows of her whereabouts. She has spent two wearisome days in trying to get this lady's address, and has not yet succeeded. She is thus losing her time, the lady in London fuming with impatience at the delay, and the police people utterly refusing the passport. If she can get the address of the former mistress, she will write and beg her to send the needed certificate; but should the letter miscarry, or the lady neglect to answer the appeal, poor phoenix will be unable to leave the country, will have been put to a considerable loss of time and money, and will lose the certainty

of a capital place, while my friend, who has had a world of trouble in the matter, and her friend, who has dismissed her former servant, and is waiting impatiently for the phoenix, will alike have lost their pains and their correspondence. No wonder all this bother annoys the French; but will a grand blow up, succeeded by some new tyranny, make matters any better?

But enough of a disagreeable subject. The high wind now raging, precursor of the Equinox, reminds us that spring is coming, and summer in her train; and people are already choosing country-houses, or planning tours, for the return of fine weather.

That an sympathizing fate which condemns pearls to gleam in the darkling haunts of fishes, and flowers to spend their breath and their beauty for the sole delectation of birds and of bees, seems also to take a perverse pleasure in keeping some of the most admirable scenes of which our little planet can boast, shut away from the steps of the tourist, who, following one another, for the most part, in the same beaten track, little dream how much beauty and magnificence they are leaving behind them on either hand, as they are dragged onward in the wake of the snorting steam horses!

Not to speak of the legion of pilgrims who have "done" the special glories of Switzerland and Italy, but are still strangers to the beauty of Wales and the sublimity of the Scottish Highlands, how many even of the more adventurous explorers of Continental scenery, know anything of the French Alps and Pyrenees? Yet the latter abound in views of the utmost freshness, boldness, and grandeur; while the region lying between the Jura and the Swiss Alps, the sluggish Saone and the impetuous Rhone, presents combinations of forest, water, and mountain-scenery not surpassed in loveliness by the most favored localities. The wooded heights of San Claude, and the vine-clad hills of Upper Burgundy, the crystal lakes and verdant meadows of the Bresse, the white, cloud-capped peaks and countless cascades of Dauphine, and the romantic ridges of the Comte Venaissin, opening the fairest of fair vistas to the breezes of the Mediterranean, offer an almost inexhaustible succession of scenes of the utmost splendor and beauty. It was on first beholding one of the exquisite Alpine perspectives of this region, that Poussin vented his enthusiasm in his famous exclamation, so true in substance, though so peculiarly French in form, "*Mon Dieu! how sublime a decoration was he who grouped yonder mountains!*"

In these resevered regions the inhabitants seem to have stood still while the rest of the world has been moving; and their traditional customs, and old-world customs, are as picturesque as the scenery around them. Each valley has its own peculiarity of garb, all being at once striking and becoming; and from the tall, handsome peasant-women of Arles, with their classic purity of profile, their masses of lustrous hair arranged in the Grecian style, and their attitudes vying in simple dignity with the poses of antique statuary, to the lively, coquettish little Bressanes, with their straw hats trimmed with lace, and their short petticoats striped with gold and silver, the women of this region seem made expressly to gladden the eye and inspire the pencil of the artist. Both men and women are simple, hospitable, and industrious; and the field or garden of the widow and the orphan never lacks the kindly husbandry of peasant-neighbors, each of whom takes his appointed turn in its cultivation, and would consider himself dishonored if he failed to contribute his quota to the work. Of book-learning these primitive people have little to boast; but they make up for this deficiency by an abundance of local traditions, and a plentiful share of that development of the imagination which过剩superior.

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RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

My friends were chargeable with a very great oversight from the very commencement of my residence in London. They had furnished me with no introductions. They had acquaintances there; but my first place of business being in a distant quarter of the town, I was never introduced to them. The people with whom I lodged, appeared a dark, unsocially disposed family; and I saw nothing of them often than once a week, when one or another would purposely meet me coming in or going out—the interview was so regular, periodical, and precisely timed, that I could not take it to be accidental or attribute it to any other meaning than that of a hint to pay. So by degrees my evenings began to be spent chiefly with Margaret and her companion at the theatres and concert-rooms; or when the weather was fine, in excursions to some of the many beautiful rural retreats which there are around London.

Thus time passed on for many months. I began to drink more and more freely. Presently came the penalty.

I happened to be brought into communication with Mr. John Hunt, proprietor and editor of the London *Examiner*, and brother of Mr. Leigh Hunt, the poet, and the friend of Lord Byron. This circumstance resulted in a proposal from his son, a fine scholarly young man who had just finished his university education, that I should come into his service in furtherance of the sale of a new periodical he was about to issue. He designed opening an office in one of the main streets of the metropolis, and installing me in the management of the business department. I fancied this would suit me, and wrote to my father for funds. He immediately remitted them. The remittance was a draft on one of the banks in the city. I proceeded thither and drew the money. The day was long, and as I had no further engagements, I strolled hither and thither without any definite object. One glass, another and another; finally, intoxication. Memory may tell me when I reach the land of the soul, where I passed the latter part of that day, and what scenes I took part in through the subsequent night; but in this world it ever was and ever will be a blank page in the volume of my recollections.

My first returning consciousness found me sauntering, like the somnambulist, through scenes which made no impression on my senses. How it was, or why it was, I could not tell, but I was alone in a princely street. Far on, at either side of the noble carriage-way, stretched two lines of magnificent houses. The street rose gradually from the end at which I was entering it, till lost in the distance. Not a living thing was there, save myself, either in the broad road or on the footways. The sunbeams were beginning to glow on the high parapets and the smokeless chimneys, but the depth of the avenue lay in shadow. I saw that the upper windows were curtained; concluded that beyond those curtains there must lie human beings, sleeping; and the next instant comprehended that I was entering the lower end of Regent street. The whole folly of my conduct was instantly clear to me. I searched for my pocket-book. It was gone, and with it the whole of my father's remittance of the preceding day; nothing remained to me except a few loose shillings. The situation I had looked forward to was no longer to be thought of; for this was the very day appointed for transacting the initiatory business. As I walked onward in my dismay and remorse, forlorn and crushed, betwixt the multitudes placidly sleeping on either hand within those curtained chambers in their orderly homes, my eyes involuntarily rose heavenward as if to ask if there were at length for me no hope. Far, far away indeed beyond the sultry hotspots, yet imbued with incomparably more consummate reality, the infinite blue heaven symbolized back to my soul that there was still hope within its own peaceful bosom—hope, and light, and love. And I felt the message of that symbol as fully as if it had reached my ear in words.

It is out of my power to say what led me to my next step, but it was quickly resolved upon, and as quickly taken. As soon as there was a coffee house open I breakfasted, walked down to the Horse Guards, and enlisted.

Here then I was, suddenly transposed from amidst a life of the most uncontrolled dissipation into the midst of another, replete with the most stringent discipline. Yet unaccountable as it may seem at the first glance, I fell into it without any difficulty whatever. The implicit obedience I had been trained to from the cradle, was the very quality that fitted me for the first stage of soldierhood. I had also a natural smartness and decision of movement, and pride of carriage. The last three years moreover had rid me of much of the outward manner with which I left home. I was arrived at the age of manhood, and as most persons will have taken notice, those last three years before manhood perform wonders in changing the outward bearing. In a word, whilst I had at this period the tameless air of one used to be his own sole master, I yet understood by ancient practice how to obey. My education also secured me some deference among my comrades, who generally had a pretty fair smattering of learning themselves.

The Recruit House was of course my first destination. Here drill was the constant occupation. It gave me an excellent appetite, and I imagined that I was making a great step forward in manhood in learning the use of arms, and the course of martial evolutions. Our apartments moreover were on the Park, and both healthful and pleasant. The non commissioned officers were generally agreeable men, and by no means tyrannical. Nevertheless, there were two or three things that I found rather hard. One of these was being compelled to turn out on a cold, raw morning, with only a light undershirt, and cut and slash right and left with a pair of heavy clubs for about an hour before breakfast. Another was being locked in every night at nine o'clock. And another, I soon found, in the scantiness of a soldier's pay.

But not many weeks had elapsed before a

change of a very agreeable character took place. I received orders one afternoon to go to the Orderly Room of the regiment at the Horse Guards. On being admitted, the Colonel commanding inquired if I would like to come into the Orderly Room as one of the clerks. I said yes; and he told the head clerk to enter me at once as such. My business was that of copying into a record book the letters sent and received by the regiment; and docketing originals received. My duty extended to about six hours a day. Before and after that I could do as I pleased.

During the morning our work generally went on steadily enough; but in the afternoon the Colonel, Adjutant, and other officers were there, and were so repeatedly calling for information from the various records, that we could do but little beyond making the implied references. I had the opportunity of seeing some of the great captains who "had fought in France and Spain." Seldom a day passed without some Duke, or Earl, or Knight, whose name stood connected with achievements of chivalry and hardihood, coming in. They were mostly aged men, or at all events, of full maturity in years. Probably not one of them is now alive. So vanishes the pomp and pride of arms; so fades the glare of earthly glory. The Iron Duke himself has fallen beneath a hand more iron than his own. How little did he surmise that the clerk who sometimes furnished the answer to his statistical query, or some report of a long past court martial, would write this moment of him in a distant land. Belonging to the Orderly Room were some books on strategy. After office hours I used to stay and read these; and so added to my other knowledge some acquaintance with the scientific part of war.

Thus elapsed some months. Returning one day through the Park from my dinner, I met one of the adjutants. Properly he had nothing to do with me, as I was not one of his men. But he chose to reprimand me, taking for his thesis, that I had not polished my buttons bright enough. When I compared the haughty tone and words he had used with the occasion I had given, I saw that the life of a common soldier would not suit me. As soon as office hours were over, I turned my back to the Horse Guards and walked straight away. A few hours passed. I was several miles distant from where I was required to be at the hour of roll call in the evening. The Rubicon was passed. I was a deserter.

I offer no comments on this proceeding of mine, partly because it is one of those subjects about which I am not solicitous what verdict is given; and partly because my express concern in this work is with matter of far higher and more general importance.

A new day came, and its main business evidently was to look to my own security. An Orderly Room clerk is an individual known to the whole regiment; and the desertion of an Orderly Room clerk an occurrence that was sure not to be in any destitution of reporters. I knew that where I had placed myself there was no probability of my being either designedly sought for on the part of, or identified casually by any straggling comrade on the other. But that was not enough. I could not contemplate remaining in concealment always. I was determined that nothing should make me re-adopt such a station. I knew it was a settled principle at the Horse Guards to accord no discharge to a deserter. And I knew from the substance of scores of court-martial reports, which I had perused in the office, that there was no place "within the four seas" where a deserter from the British Army was safe. In this perplexity, and almost penniless, there was plainly no other course than to communicate with my father. I wrote to him by the first post. By the next I received a sum sufficient to bear my expenses, with instructions to change my military for a civic dress, and be at a village inn which he named, a few miles from his house, as speedily as possible. That same night, within an hour after the tattoo had called the bulk of the military to their barracks, I was moving with fearless step in a disguise which I thought (though a short time afterwards) I met with weighty reasons for altering that opinion) capable of baffling all but the most suspicious scrutiny. I had nearly fifty miles to travel; but as I did not want to arrive before the next evening, and consequently, at any rate, had to pass the night and day on the road, I walked leisurely. What a change it was to be at liberty again. This country town was reached, this village was passed, and the next, and the next, before I began to feel at all the lapse of time. Not a breath of wind ruffled the dark and solemn woods; the night sky seemed to palpitate with the twinkling of the myriads of stars; the moors and the hedges burdened the air with the odor of their flowers; every now and then I passed groups of the sweet, homely cottages which garnish the rural highways; every now and then I reached some favorite haunt of the rich-throated nightingale, and stopped and wondered at the mellow, pensive music of her note; even the cold, dark, treacherous river, wherever my path lay along it, seemed to roll with a louder, cheerlier ripple than I had ever heard it yield before, as if welcoming my homeward-bound feet. Daybreak, sunrise, noon, the decline of the day, and shady eve. The rendezvous was reached—a little cottage inn, perfectly garlanded with rose to the very eaves, at the foot of a round hill, crowned with the still unshaken walls, cloisters, and church of an old abbey, but black with the stains of time and weather, as if seathed by fire. My father was there waiting for me. All was forgotten in the exigency of the hour. He no longer frowned on me as self-willed, and I had forgotten that he had been peremptory.

I returned with him, after we had taken some refreshment, across the fields connected with all my boyish recollections. There was the solitary one-tree hill; there was our meeting cope; here the tree where I first felt my flesh crawl in mortal antipathy of the snake; there was our old cricket ground; and the lochs and the clattering mill, and the long bridge; there the church, and the chimes ringing their well-known midnight peal; and last of all, the broad, double gates of the homestead.

I remained a few days, occupying a back room, and not allowing it to be generally known that I was there. A few only of my old acquaintances visited me. The brothers of E.A.—came, but she did not. Indeed, I could not wish it. I felt that she was too good

for me. I made no inquiries about her—strange that all this time she should be breaking her heart about me, and I dashing on ruinward by stress of a corresponding motive; and yet neither of us knew the true state of the case till long years afterwards, as in process of this sad history will have to be told.

After a few days, considering it not safe to remain at home any length of time, I took horse and started on a tour through the midland counties. Meantime, in our inter-communication, it was concluded that it would be best for me to go abroad for some years. The War Office had been applied to for my discharge on payment of the regulation price; but the answer of the Iron Duke, who was then commander-in-chief, was what personally I was well aware it would be: "No discharge for a deserter till he gives himself up. Then we will see what we will do." But, fortunately, on this occasion the Iron Duke and his minions had not to deal with some poor penniless family, but one which held alternatives in its hands. As, therefore, he did not choose to accept the ample sum proffered him, save on his own terms, we were accommodated with the other course of going without it altogether. There happened at times singularly pleasant ways for the most honorable and Christian men, such as my father was, to transact business with iron-handed despotism.

It was settled between my father and myself that during my inland tour, arrangements should be made for my leaving England for a time. When I had been away about a month, a letter reached me, saying that Sydney, the capital of Australia, had been concluded to be the most advisable spot for me to proceed to; and that, if I approved of it, my passage would be secured in a vessel about to sail from Gravesend in a few days. Well satisfied with the arrangement, I once more turned homeward. My trip had yielded me much pleasure and a good deal of actual information. The information I will not offer to the reader here; I had as yet only seen this part of England, and its most remarkable population, with the eyes of the well-fed, well-clad, well-lodged traveller; but I had yet to study the same scenes some quarter of a century afterwards, in the most diverse circumstances.

I lingered but a couple of days beneath the old roof-tree, and then, in company with a younger brother, as my Fidus Achates through my unforeseen but not impossible mishaps through the soldiers of my regiment were to be met with at every turn, I started for Gravesend, where the vessel lay. We set out at the earliest hour of morning, rode hard, and by sunrise were ten miles beyond the metropolis, breaking fast at Gravesend, nearly thirty miles from the regiment. A couple of days sufficed to lay in my sea stock, and as the ship was by that time within a few hours of sailing, or rather supposed to be so, my brother mounted for home. We thought we were parting for a few months; it turned out to be for long years. When I saw him next, he had a son half as old as he was himself when we parted.

When he was gone, and I stood all alone leaning over the bulwarks of the ship to which I had linked my destiny for some months to come, I began to feel what a severance of ties of nature was taking place. In the course of the morning I learned from the mate that the ship could not sail till the next day. How was I to pass the intermediate time? The thought struck me that I should like to see that poor fast-fading girl, whose parent had so cruelly abandoned her, once more. Only a few weeks before, when I wanted shelter from the military, and was absolutely penniless, she had found me the means I needed; had not even waited to be asked to do so; had not even needed to have the necessity and its cause explained to her, but had comprehended all by the instincts of her heart before the brain had any other intimation. I had never seen her since. Ought I not, even for very honor of mankind, to return her what she had supplied? Should she say to me, "My life betwixt them and you!" and I skulk away without saying I was going—in debt to her?

Let me beg the reader to remember that these pages are written for the purpose of impressing upon as many as may peruse them the progressive tendency of evil; how a wrong moral state of things, not abjured, perpetually involves temptation to others; and so leads the soul on, step by step, till its whole domain and province of action is an evil one, its whole occupation the building up and consolidating a structure of wrong; until it becomes, in the end, the guardian and sworn champion of error. Let it be understood, therefore, that in relating my thoughts and their consequence, I am not excusing them. On the contrary, the more heartily I can secure the reader's apprehension of their folly and baseness, the better will my purpose be attained.

I concluded then to make one more trip to London whilst the ship was delayed. But to avoid risk as much as possible, I took a four-oared boat and went up the river. In the full rig of a mariner, which I had adopted as most convenient for the voyage, I thought I might walk through London streets with perfect security. My impression even went so far as that I might go anywhere without insecurity, except to the very Orderly Room or through the Square of the Horse Guards itself. My boat, with four strong watermen pulling, was in London by noon; and telling them to be on hand at the wharf where we made fast, at two o'clock in the morning, I strode off right fearlessly through the city to the country suburb where Margaret, in conjunction with the companion I had first seen her with, rented a little cottage and garden. She was at home. No sooner had she opened the door than she sprang back, clapping her hands and laughing. Vexed at being so easily discovered, I said,

"How foolish you are!"
 "For what am I foolish?" she inquired.
 "For laughing at my disguise," I replied; "I cannot help it."
 "Disguise!—cannot help it!" she retorted.
 "Why, I never saw you look so plainly and evidently yourself in any dress you ever wear."

Yet, in defiance of this caution, this warning so obvious, did I propose to her, as evening drew on, to return with me to London and spend the last few hours at the theatre. She reflected a little and demurred. I saw she was posted to it myself. She had, no doubt, followed to the theatre door, and seen enough of the

and I became more persistent. And now observe, young reader, how inch by inch, we glide on downward evermore with a gathering impetus when once we start from the high hill top of moral rectitude and of truthfulness to God and man; how, without so much as an effort, we make our rapidly descending way. I found I could not prevail by the truth, so I had recourse to a lie. I told her I should find myself subjected to a most galling measure of contempt if I were not allowed to refund what I had borrowed, when she could ill spare it; and that I had not come prepared to do so, depending on her accompanying me to town, where alone I could get change all the time. What exertions had I to make, what time had I to expend in later years to eradicate this habit of insincerity! Margaret consented to go.

It is an evening in the genial month of June, and about six o'clock. We dismiss our vehicle at the western extremity of Holborn. A tavern door is opposite. A wistful glance of those eyes, of which it is becoming hard to say whether they are now most dove-like or most deathlike, betrays the poison thirst.

"What will you take, Margaret?"

"Brandy."

"Come then."

We direct our course towards Covent Garden Theatre, although it lies but some few minutes walk from the Horse Guards. We thread our way through street after street, I on purpose lingering slowly along, but not on my own account; and frequently stopping to look into the shops, though there is nothing I care to see. By-and-by, as the spell, whose formula runs "A short life, and a merry one," does its work on my fellow-traveller, we go quicker, and at length emerge in sight of the theatre.

"One glass more, before we go in, Margaret!"

"I don't care."

We cross to the main entrance, ascend the steps, enter the vestibule. We are crossing toward the pit door—when suddenly I observe, what all along I knew, but had forgotten, that there is a Sentry of the Guards on duty there. His post is half way between the main door and the pit door, a few feet on the right side. He stands with arms grounded, still as a statue, looking in a most peculiar way full at me. My natural vigilance of mind suggests—"If that Sentry knows you, and you once pass into the pit, he has you caught. By the time you come out he'll have a corporal's guard stationed at the pit door, and as by that time he will be off duty, himself for one of them. And at midnight you will be in the Black Hole instead of on the way to commence your passage to Australia." I see instantly that something must be done. He still looks fixedly at me in the same peculiar way. Instantly I resolve to ascertain whether he does identify me before I entrap myself by entering the pit. Withdraw my arm from Margaret, who also now begins to see the danger, and is trembling too much to be able to face the crisis without making matters worse, I saunter carelessly across to the soldier and inquire, in a tone as different from my customary one as I can assume, whether the performance is begun. The soldier smiles. The instant afterwards he says—"You are my prisoner," and I recognize one of the very recruits that were in the Recruit house with me; who has stood side by side with me at drill; with whom at one time and another I have conversed for hours.

"You mistake your man!"—(another lie?)

"Ah! No I don't," he says, laughing quickly again. "You must march with me to the Sergeant of the Guard."

He has arms in his hands, so that there is no chance in deviating. The door is some distance off, and a score of people between us and it.

"Very good, sentry!" I say, "but you will repent such an insult as this to me."

A further lie.

He shoulders his arms, and I march on at his side. We pass out of the entrance, and as we do so change sides. We begin to descend the flight of stone steps that runs parallel with the front wall of the building, and he is on the inside, I on the outer, next the street. We are at the third step from the bottom, and I see the Sergeant of the Guard and several privates actually standing lounging at the theatre corner. It is the nick of time: the last moment. One bold spring down into the street, and a heading dash across the road for the entrance of a court opposite; the sentry all the while shouting, "Come back! come back!" but, as if astonishment had rooted him to the earth, never moving an inch to follow! I reach the entrance of the court, and turning round to see how matters stand, I strike my foot against a post at the mouth of the passage, and tumble headlong. In an instant, I am on my feet again. Now for it! "Away!"—In ten steps a dark avenue runs into the court at right angles. I turn and dash through that; cross a street and bound through another court; half way along that, turn short along another; emerge into a broad back street, formed only by the sides and ends of buildings: now unimpeded by meeting any one, I traverse this like a deer; and at the end coming to a whole not of lanes and alleys, taking advantage of every angle, but always keeping one main direction, I gain one of the largest and most crowded thoroughfares at the very spot where there is a stand of hackney coaches. Entering very compactly into one of them, I tell the driver I want to be at London Bridge as quickly as possible. Payment—the ordinary one, or double, or triple, according to the speed. The result need scarcely be told. In two minutes I was secure, and even though the whole regiment had joined the chase, utterly lost to my pursuers amidst the chaos of that confused multitude, hurrying and meeting and crossing each other in every direction.

It was but a little past seven when the coachman drew rein, his horses lathered and foaming, at London Bridge. I paid him beyond my promise. I waited till he was out of sight on his return, and then betook myself to a coffee house, where there was no probability of meeting any of the military. Enclosing the trifles I could spare to the unhappy outcast, I posted it myself. She had, no doubt, followed to the theatre door, and seen enough of the

turn things took, to relieve her mind of anxiety till she received the communication. The soldiers, bewildered by the suddenness of the thing, and in ignorance of its meaning till slowly made aware of it by their stupefied comrade, could not have started in pursuit till it was far too late; and after they had started she would naturally linger at the spot till the pursuers returned, either bringing me or unsuccessful.

My boatmen were on hand at the appointed time. By day dawn we were at Gravesend. We looked for the *blue Peter*. Had they run it down? Something more: the ship itself was gone: had been gone since the previous evening. No resource remained but to try to overtake it by hard rowing. That evening just as it was getting too dark to leave us any further hope, and by hauling incoming ships for information, we got sight of her well away in the open waters of the Downs. Before we could reach her, however, we had nearly wrecked ourselves by crossing a reef or other shallow. It was only by a hair's breadth, so to speak, that the boat was kept from swamping in the breakers; and we were some two or three miles off shore. The line of broken water was narrow, and we were soon across it, otherwise, in all probability, not one of us would ever again have been seen or heard of: out of sight and sound as we were of ship or shore, the night gloom thickening fast, the wind swelling into a gale, and the sea almost too rough for our boat in deep water. At last, about 10 o'clock at night, I found myself in my cabin. The day's chase had cost me about forty dollars. It was a preferable loss to that of all I had on board, and my passage money, which was already paid. On the morrow evening we were fast running by the chalky cliffs of the sea-girt isle. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DIRGE.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust,—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

RETROSPECTION.

BY ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

But half the sky is filled with stars,
And half the sky with mist;
No moon to light the waste of snows;
But toward the west Orion glows,
And underneath, the east wind blows
The clouds where it doth list.

The mist creeps swiftly on and on,
The stars fade by one;
Does die thus? it cannot be;
There goes Orion's sword bolt! see!
And now no light is left to me
But Memory alone.

And can we dream when stars are dead?
I ween it may be so;

We search the old time through and through;

We think of what we used to do;

We light our altar-fires anew,

With half the olden glow.

Bring out the pictures of the Past,
That we may look them o'er;
Here passed my childhood, here between
These high-browed mountains; here the green
Sloped riverward; a pleasant scene,
Star-lighted now once more.

There, crept my childhood on to youth;
Here, was a space for tears;
Then, 'twas one tear that hid the sun,
But now it is—sh! many a one,
With floating mists or shadows dun
Between me and the spheres.

We dreamed the day out till the stars,
The stars out till the day;
We said, "Let come the darker time;
The hours shall pass like pleasant rhyme;"
We thought the nights all morning prime,
The stars would shine alway.

We tire of looking o'er the Past;
Our altar-fires grow dim;
We see the snow-clouds gathering cold;
The deadlier mists around us fold;
Ah! but our hearts are over-bold;
How dense the shadows swim.

We look above and look around,
The shadows touch our eyes;
We hear through hollow distance still,
The moaning wind across the hill,
The fierce gale seeking, seeking still,
And winning no replies.

The stars are out and memory fades;
Alas! what may be done!
We fold our robes to keep aglow
The heart-fires, flickering, burning low,
Chilled by the snow-cloud and the snow,
And longing for the sun.

Behind us, like a place of tombs,
The Past lies sad and lone;
Before us, dreamt-of, hoped-for, guessed,
And sloping downward unto rest,
Glooms the broad Future, all unblest,
Visioned, but all unknown.

Stand up, my soul, with Hope beside,
And stretch the sky for stars!
It may be that the storm will cease,
And from the glorious starlit east,
Some angel voice will whisper peace
Down through thy prison bars.

Look out, my soul, with courage high,
Although thou'rt but one!
What if the Norland, blowing bleak,
Frece all the tears upon thy cheek!
Look upward, if thou canst not speak,
And think, "Thy will be done!"

PUNCH'S POLICE REPORT.

IMPORTANT PROCEEDINGS UNDER THE COMMON LODGING HOUSE ACT.

[The London Punch thus hits off the recent complaint against England of Louis Napoleon:—]

Mr. John Bull, keeper of a Common Lodging House, much frequented by foreigners, was charged with various offences under the Common Lodging House Act, and generally with keeping a disorderly house, and harboring notoriously bad characters.

The principal witness against him was a Frenchman, formerly a lodger in the house, who gave his name Charles Louis Napoleon. The witness stated that Mr. Bull, the landlord of the house, systematically violated the provisions of the Act, which required him to open the windows of his rooms for a certain number of hours daily, to turn down the bed-clothes, and generally to keep up a close surveillance over the inmates of his house, and ventilate everything in the apartments occupied by his lodgers. He further stated, that whereas the Act bound the landlord to give notice to the Police of all dangerous cases of contagious or epidemic disorder, and of all attacks arising from such disorders, that might occur on the premises, with a view at once to the removal to safe custody of those in whom they might break out, and the preservation of those they might attack, Mr. Bull had been in the habit of allowing such cases to get to a height without informing the Police, and of permitting his lodgers to associate indiscriminately with persons suffering from the most dangerous and contagious disorders, particularly what was called in France "*La Fièvre Rouge*".

The Magistrate wished to know if this was the same as scarlet fever, and begged the witness to be a little more precise in his statements, and to express himself in English, as he seemed to know the language well.

The witness said he did, having long resided in England, in Mr. Bull's house. He had been a special constable here in 1848, shortly after which he left England, seeing an opening for an active young man in France, where he had since held various responsible situations, and was now earning very high wages. *La Fièvre Rouge* was an epidemic which had made great ravages in France, and was much worse than the worst kind of scarlet fever known in England. It was a highly inflammatory disease of the most contagious character, and attended with delirium.

The Magistrate inquired what part of the body it attacked?

The witness said it generally attacked the upper extremities, beginning at the crown.

The Magistrate inquired if the witness was a medical practitioner?

The witness said he had practised in France

for the last nine years, five of them on his own account, and had particularly devoted himself to the treatment of this very disorder. He believed his treatment was considered highly successful. It consisted in letting blood freely, followed by lowering and suppressive treatment, and the strictest separation and close confinement of the sufferers. Change of air, too, he had found useful, particularly removal to hot climates like Algeria. He considered Cayenne almost a specific, and had administered it in large doses, especially during the very severe outbreak of the disorder in 1852. All movement was dangerous, and all mental exertion. He considered the worst cases were those which had originated among Mr. Bull's lodgers, who often brought the disease into France. Considered Mr. Bull guilty under the Act, for not bringing those cases to the knowledge of the Police.

The witness was cross-examined by the defendant.

Admitted he had several times been a lodger in the defendant's house; declined to state what his means of subsistence were while in this country. Might have been charged with attempts at burglary at Boulogne and Strasbourg. Would not say he had not been tried for a murder arising out of the former charge. Would not swear he had not been imprisoned on that charge. Might have expressed strong opinions to Mr. Bull on the subject of this Act during the time he lodged with him. Would not say he had not told him the Police had no business on his premises. The windows of his room were generally kept shut. Never complained then. Was not in good circumstances at that time. Might have borrowed money of Mr. Bull. Would not swear he had not left in his debt. Might have had *La Fièvre Rouge* himself; had associated freely with persons suffering from it. Might have told Mr. Bull it was not dangerous, knew better now. Did not see what that had to do with the present charge. Declined to state whether he had made any communication to the Police. Had friends in the Police now, and considered it an honor. Thought Mr. Bull's house ought to be shut up, and his license as a Common Lodging House Keeper taken away for the safety of society at large. Was very much interested for society at large. Considered he had saved society at large. Was not aware if that opinion was general, but a day seldom passed without his being told so by persons in the highest positions in France.

Mr. Bull called several witnesses to speak of the character of his house, including an old Austrian of the name of Metternich, (whose cautious and roundabout way of giving his evidence, much amused the Court,) several members of a family of the name of Bourbon, whose father had lodged with Mr. Bull under the name of Smith, and a host of Hungarians, Italians, Poles, and Frenchmen, who proved that Mr. Bull complied strictly with the terms of the Act, and that they had no complaint to make of the house. Several members of the Police Force also gave evidence. It appeared on cross-examination that the informer had for several years past been in the habit of making complaints against Mr. Bull's house, and had endeavored to induce the Police to enter the premises in disguise. He had had the Act explained to him, and had always been told that any charge of violation of any of its provisions, would be strictly looked into. There might be a grudge on the informer's part against Mr. Bull.

The Magistrate, after careful consideration of the Act, said it did not appear to him that the charges were made out. There was no proof that the defendant knew of the existence of the alleged cases of the very serious disorder deposed to by the principal witness. Mr. Bull was not bound to inform the Police of suspected cases. He had no power to detain his lodgers, or to prevent their leaving his house. All powers of an inquisitorial character required to be exercised cautiously in this country. He thought it ill became the witness who, by his own account, seemed to be under considerable obligations to Mr. Bull, to bring such a charge as the present to such loose and unreliable foundation. Mr. Bull would leave this Court without any stain on his character. The Magistrate saw no grounds whatever for taking away the license of the house. On the contrary, it seemed to him to be very well conducted, and it was a great blessing to many disreputable foreigners that they had such a place to resort to.

The decision of the worthy Magistrate was loudly cheered, and Mr. Bull, on leaving the Court, was warmly greeted by his numerous lodgers. The witness, Napoleon, was allowed to leave the Court by the private entrance in a cab, as there seemed to be a considerable disposition among the crowd assembled in the neighborhood to handle him roughly.

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora box, which, when opened, fills every house and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heartburnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections, and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults, which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failing of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despotic heart.

"Malice," says Seneca, "drinks one half of its own poison." And Des Cartes, in his treatises on passions, says:—"Hatred is never without sorrow." What must have been the wretchedness of John Lilburne, of whom Cromwell quaintly remarked:—"He is so quarrelsome that, if he could find no one else to quarrel with, John would quarrel with Lilburne, and Lilburne would quarrel with John."



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a distinguished warrior, statesman, and writer, in the reign of Elizabeth and James I., was the second son of a gentleman of ancient family in Devonshire. He was born 1552, in that country, and was sent to Aerial College, Oxford, where his proficiency gave a high opinion of his capacity. His active disposition and martial ardor led him, at the age of seventeen, to join a body of gentlemen volunteers, raised to assist the French Protestants. He subsequently accompanied the forces sent under General Morris to assist the Dutch, and afterward accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in a voyage to Newfoundland—on his return, he distinguished himself in the Irish rebellion, and was rewarded for his services by a considerable estate in Ireland. His favor at court was advanced by a well-known act of gallantry—the queen, in a walk among a crowd of courtiers, having come to a spot in which the path was obstructed by mire, Raleigh immediately took off his rich plush cloak, and spread it on the ground, for a foot-cloth. In 1584, his active disposition was manifested in a scheme for the discovery and settlement of those parts of North America not already appropriated by Christian States; by his interest he obtained a very extensive patent for this purpose, and with the help of friends, two ships were fitted out. These vessels having carried home cargoes that sold well, a second expedition of seven vessels followed, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, Raleigh's kinsman. The latter enterprise terminated in the settlement of Virginia, so called in honor of Queen Elizabeth, and is said to have first introduced tobacco and potatoes to Europe. 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CONGRESSIONAL.

THE KANSAS QUESTION.

A NIGHT SESSION.

EXCITING SCENES.

SENATE.

On the 13th, Mr. Wade, of Ohio, spoke, defending the North from the charges of aggression upon the South, and contending that the aggression is all the other way. In this connection, he charged the seizure of Texas and her admission into the Union, (in flagrant violation of the Constitution of the United States) as an enormous aggression upon the rights of the North.

Mr. Wade next entered into an elaborate defense of the laborers of the North from the accusations of the Senator from South Carolina, Mr. Hammond, and others. He pointed to their achievements as recorded in the Patent Office and elsewhere, as evidence of their civilization and genius. It was not, he said, on the prostrate necks of such a class that the Senator from South Carolina could erect his system of society. He might as well attempt to make his bed in hell, or erect his edifice over a volcano. Nor was it necessary for the South to end its threatened missionaries to the North to teach such laborers their power. They know the value of their voices. Their interest in the State, and that all concerns good government, is the same as all others. As to the degraded class alluded to by the Senator, he admitted their existence. But he contended they are mostly foreigners, the sweepings of the old world, ignorant and vicious, but nevertheless good Democrats, and the principal supporters of slavery now found in the North. Slaves in their own country, they naturally attach themselves to slaveholders in this. Mr. Wade next passed to the Supreme Court, commenting on its Dred Scott decision, and asserting that its dictation can bind no one, excepting visitors in their own courts. Then addressing himself to Mr. Hammond's boat, that the slaveholders had ruled this nation for sixty years, he admitted its truth, but contended that it was only through the aid of that most despicable of men—the Northern doughfaces—a type of men not new in the world, for Moses encountered them in the wilderness, where, turning from the visible glories of the Almighty, they fell prostrate to worship an Egyptian calf. These men hungered after the fleshpots of Egypt. They were national men. They were not Northern men with Southern principles, but Israelites with Egyptian principles. Our Saviour met with a man of this class in Judas Iscariot. Mr. Washington and his associates encountered them frequently. Mr. Wade then turned to the Kansas question, referring to Mr. Toombs' bill—which called up Senator Broderick, &c., adjourned.

On the 15th, Mr. Wade concluded his speech. The President, he said, had denounced the framers of the Topeka Constitution as rebels. If so, there are many more such in Kansas. He (Wade) stood there as their champion. If they were rebels, so were the majority of the House of Representatives. So was he; and Cass was a traitor for presenting that constitution to the Senate. It seemed that all who refuse to submit to be trampled on by border ruffians are to be denominated traitors. If this sort of thing is continued, said he, there will be a civil war.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, commenced by saying when at the close of the American revolution the several States met in convention to consult together, many disturbing questions were made the subjects of debate, but at the bottom of all, and the most disturbing of all was that of African bondage. It was discussed to determine whether it should form an element of political power, and it was finally guaranteed to the States where it existed that it should form an element of political power.

The attempt in 1820 to exclude Missouri from the Union, because of slavery, was a struggle to impair the power of the South. She was finally admitted, but only on a condition unknown to the constitution—namely, the establishment of the 36 deg. 30 min. line. The South had believed ever since that that compromise was unconstitutional. But it was acquiesced in, and Senators now spoke of it as a sacred compact, and when, in 1848, it was proposed, as a quieting measure, to extend that line to the Pacific, every Northern vote was against the proposal. They exhumed from the dust the ordinances of 1875 against it. Mr. Mason here quoted Mr. Madison, to show that the ordinance had reference only to preventing the African slave import trade into the north-west Territories. Mr. Mason proceeded at great length to trace out the progressive steps of aggression on slavery, from the Revolution to the Dred Scott decision. On alluding to the latter, he quoted Chief Justice Marshall, who once said, "the greatest curse an angry God could leave to an erring people was a dependent judiciary." And yet, said Mr. Mason, the Senator from New York (Mr. Seward) talk of re-organizing the courts, so as to make them sectional and subject to the fluctuations of political parties.

Mr. Seward, of New York, replied that he had been engaged in preparing a measure to organize the Supreme and Circuit Courts in such a way as to organize the representatives from the several States, so as to secure a better administration of justice, and greater elasticity of business. When matured, he would bring it in. It will be conservative in its character, and, at the same time, just. He added, that he hoped the principles of the court will be brought in conformity with the Constitution of the United States, and the principles of humanity and justice.

Mr. Mason said, as to the Lecompton Constitution, Congress had only to ask if the Constitution is republican in form, and has no right to look into it for a slavery clause any more than for any other.

Mr. Mason next proceeded to answer the Senator who denied the right of property in man, asking what is an inalienable appurtenance. There is the right of property in his service and in his condition; and slavery is but a similar right for life. Quoting from a Maine newspaper an instance where a poor person was said to have been sold at auction, he claimed it as an acknowledgment of the right of property in man.

Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, explained: The case alluded to was a mere contract to support, at the lowest rate, a poor person unable to work. He also quoted Blackstone, defining property as based on the gift of dominion over all things given by the Almighty to man.

Mr. Mason replied that the statement was natural, as Blackstone was writing the history of common law, while we must go back to the origin of property. The normal state of the African, he contended, is slavery. Deportation improves his condition; and his bondage in this country, in its superiority over his original state in Africa, may be compared to the highest over the lowest type of his civilization. Whenever left to himself, he ascends into barbarism, where, in a fixed condition, he degenerates, for all incentives that belong to the wise man are utterly lost on him. The law of emigration is the law of nature.

The African goes into a climate where his labor is most advantageous. He cannot live in a Northern climate, and if he could, his labor would be of little value. What purpose, therefore, he asked, have Senators in agitating this question? There can be but one answer. Because it is resistance to that feature of the constitution which makes slavery an element of political power. Take away that, and there will be no further opposition to the admission of Kansas. Referring to the objections to this admission, Mr. Mason alluded to the fact that there was no objection to the admission of Minnesota, though she had no convention at all, when

Mr. Seward asked: Will the Senator under-

take to say that any part of the people of Minnesota object to being admitted under her constitution?

Mr. Mason answered: He had no official knowledge that any part of the people of Kansas object to admission under her constitution. He then proceeded to show the irregularities in the State of Minnesota; but for himself, he continued, glad as he would be to see the slave State increasing as fast as the free, he was not prepared to vote against the admission of a State because she is free, and he thought there would be no objection on the part of any gentle- men representing the slave States.

In conclusion, Mr. Mason returned to Mr. Seward's threat that there should be no more Slave States. The battle, he tells us, is fought and won. A significant warning. But he told that gentleman, the battle is not fought, is not won, it is but just begun. The direct issue is "you shall have no more slave States." He did not know how it will result, but if the vote of the Senate is to go to the several houses of the absentees, in different parts of the country, it is the opinion of the Chair that Senators must sit here day and night until he returns home.

Mr. Shedd—That is the opinion of the Chair. Mr. Hamlin complimented the Chair on his courage in giving such an opinion.

Mr. Gwin, of California, took the Chair temporarily.

Mr. Shedd spoke in favor of the bill. Alluding to Mr. Seward, he spoke of him as the *façis* principle of his party, weighing well his words, courteous, and carefully refraining from saying anything persons likely to offend Southern men. This makes him the more dangerous enemy. Turning to the Kansas question, he said, admit her under this bill, and in a few weeks all will be quiet, and the people of the North will wonder at the excitement it occasioned. He concluded by advising the cultivation of the harmony that prevailed in the early days of the Republic.

Through all this time various motions to adjourn were lost, and preparations for a night session were made.

Mr. Clark, of N. H., in reply to Mr. Hammond, said: In the Revolutionary war, a blacksmith of New Hampshire gave his services to the State. His father said to him, the State is poor, do not ask for your money now. Ay, the sum due him stands on record, in the capital of New Hampshire, so many pounds, so many shillings, and his descendants are proud of that record of their patriotism. Little did the son of that man (Mr. Clark himself) think that he would come into this Senate Chamber and hear the Senator from South Carolina call that father a slave. [Applause.]

A struggle then ensued, the majority desiring the revolution was begun as long ago as 1848, when the Oregon Bill was debated.

Mr. Wilson had not the slightest doubt but that if the Republicans had been permitted to hold their meeting, they would have come in with a unanimous assent to a vote on Monday. What will force avail you? Give me a cup of water and a crust of bread, and I can live a month without leaving the Capitol. Ten men sitting here can hold you for forty days and forty nights.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, asked Mr. Wilson if he (Green) had approached him in any but respectful language.

Mr. Wilson—No.

Mr. Green again demanded from Mr. Wilson a distinct appointment of a definite time to take the vote.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, thought the majority had not acted magnanimously in refusing the minority an opportunity of consulting, and he thought the matter might be easily arranged by a committee from both sides.

Mr. Green insisted on the minority's naming a day that was the largest concession he could make.

Mr. Iverson moved an adjournment—yea, 17, nay, 17. The President voting in the negative, adjourned.

Mr. Wilson moved an adjournment, and the question was carried by acclamation at half past six o'clock in the morning to meet again at 12 o'clock.

On the 16th, the Senate met at the usual hour, and, after preliminary and unimportant business, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, made a statement that an agreement had been entered into by his friends, and acquiesced in by many gentlemen on the opposite side. The agreement was read:

"We agree that the debate shall close and the question be taken on Monday next, but if it appears necessary that the sessions be protracted to allow free discussion, they shall be protracted to such a hour as we may indicate."

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, considered the agreement in accordance with the views of his friends.

Mr. Green declared that unless he could have a distinct understanding that the vote shall be taken on Monday he would go on.

Messrs. Hamlin and Green exchanged explanations in reference to the conversation they had, with the view of coming to an arrangement.

Mr. Cameron was disgusted with these fruitless attempts. Who is the gentleman from Missouri? [Mr. Green] he asked. He is but our peer. Is he the commander of the Senate majority that adjourned over from Thursday to Tuesday, to attend a political pageant at Richmond?

Mr. Green. That is not true.

Mr. Cameron. Do I understand the gentleman to say that I state what is not true?

Mr. Green. I said so.

The Vice President called both Senators to order.

Mr. Cameron. The Senator has applied to me harsh language. I will also use harsh terms and say it is untruth.

Mr. Green. Is a LIAR!

The Vice President called both of the gentlemen to order.

Mr. Cameron asked pardon of the Senate for having done what the Senator says is not right, though he still thought he was not wrong. For anything I have said to that gentleman I am responsible.

Mr. Green denied that he arrogated to himself to dictate to members. The Senator does me injury. He knows he does me injustice.

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Mr. Cameron asked pardon of the Senate for having done what the Senator says is not right, though he still thought he was not wrong. For anything I have said to that gentleman I am responsible.

Mr. Green denied that he arrogated to himself to dictate to members. The Senator does me injury. He knows he does me injustice.

Mr. Green. I said so.

The Vice President called both of the gentlemen to order.

Mr. Cameron. The Senator has applied to me harsh language. I will also use harsh terms and say it is untruth.

Mr. Green. Is a LIAR!

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The Secretary of the Treasury has accepted all bids under five per cent. for the five millions of Treasury Notes. These embrace over two millions and a half of dollars. All above five per cent. were awarded *pro rata*.

The lower House of the Virginia Legislature has passed a bill to issue \$200,000 State bonds to John A. Washington, to pay for Mount Vernon, the State, to be reimbursed by the Ladies' Association, which has now on hand in cash \$75,000.

AN IMMENSE TERRITORY.—The Hudson's Bay Territory is over six times larger than the Canadas, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

AN AMERICAN VICTIM.—Among the sufferers by the late attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon, was a Mr. Haas, an American merchant, who was wounded in the head, and died from its effects on the 25th January.

RHODE ISLAND.—A "Straight" State Republican Convention has nominated the present Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Secretary of State for re-election.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS. The flour market has undergone no change, the quantity of wheat being takenably downward. The only sales reported are in small lots to the bakers and retailers at \$4.37^{1/2} a 450 lb. standard and good brands, and \$4.75 a 450 lb. extra and fancy brands. The market is tolerably well supplied, and standard brands are freely offered at \$4.37^{1/2}, but purchases are merely made to meet present wants. Rye Flour and Corn Meal continue quiet. 300 lbs. of the former sold at \$3.12^{1/2} a 450 lb., and 250 lbs. of the latter sold at \$2.87^{1/2}.

GRAIN.—There is a fair inquiry for prime Wheat, but other descriptions are not wanted. Sales 1500 bush good Penna Red at \$1.09^{1/2} a bush, and 2000 bush White at \$1.25^{1/2} a bush. Rye is in fair demand at 70c. Corn continues in good demand, but there is not much coming forward. Sales 9000 bush Yellow, 62c, afores, and part in store at 60c a bush. Darts are in better demand, and 1000 bush Penna Red at 70c a bush.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are light, but the demand has been limited and the sales confined to a few small lots at \$1.67^{1/2} a 450 lb. for Pork, and \$1.56^{1/2} for M. Beef—the latter for city packed, Bacon sold slowly at 11c a bush for Hams, 9c^{1/2} for Sides, and 7c^{1/2} for Shoulders, as in quality. Green meats are in limited request, only, with sales of about 250 cases, mostly ham, at 10c a case. Sales 1000 lbs. of Bacon at Lewis's in pickle, 8c^{1/2} for 2^{1/2} lbs.; salt, and 6c^{1/2} for Shoulders, and shanks. Lard is firm at 10c^{1/2} a bush for hams, 8c^{1/2} for sides, and 7c^{1/2} for Shoulders, as in quality. Green meats are in limited request, only, with sales of about 250 cases, mostly ham, at 10c a case. Sales 1000 lbs. of Bacon at Lewis's in pickle, 8c^{1/2} for 2^{1/2} lbs.; salt, and 6c^{1/2} for Shoulders, and shanks. Lard is firm at 10c^{1/2} a bush for hams, 8c^{1/2} for sides, and 7c^{1/2} for Shoulders, as in quality. 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Wit and Humor.

A MULE BEWITCHED.

The popular idea seems to be that the long-cared tribe have been deprived of the power of speech since the days of Balaam, but we had this morning ocular and auricular proof of the fallacy of this belief. As we were coming down Broad street, we noticed a little this side of the Planters' Hotel a crowd collected around the wagon of a countryman, and we stepped up to learn, if possible, the cause of the excitement.

The wagon was drawn by a couple of mules—one of them a rather bad looking specimen, who seemed to hail from a region where corn and oats were rarities—the other decidedly better looking and giving unmistakable evidence, we thought, of having been better fed. The wagon was loaded with that delightful esculent so popular in the South—sweet potatoes. Prominent in the crowd we noticed a little black-eyed, gray-haired man, who was busily engaged when we came up in negotiating a trade for one of the mules—and strange to say for the poorest looking one.

"Now, my friend," said the little man, "I want this mule—I have a first-rate mated for him and want to make out the pair. How old is he?"

"Five years, last spring," promptly replied the countryman.

"Golly! what a lie!" cried the mule, pricking up his ears.

Country started—the crowd looked frightened—and one or two colored gentlemen inconstantly fled, as if the devil were of the party.

"Who—who was that?" asked the dealer in potatoes at length, having somewhat recovered his voice and sense.

"Why, me!" promptly responded the mule. "What are you lying about? You know you have had me fifteen years."

"There, my friend," said the little man, "your mule contradicts you—and he ought to know his own age."

"I'll be darned if I know what to make of you or the mule," exclaimed the countryman. "I know he's only five years old, for I raised him myself."

"There you lie again," said the mule.

"Take that," exclaimed the infurited owner, forgetting his fear for the moment, and striking the animal over the mouth.

"Don't do that again," said the mule, "or I'll kick you."

The countryman's eyes almost popped out of his head, and there is no telling what would have been the result, had not some one arrived, who recognized the little man as Signor Blitz, the well known magician and ventriloquist, which explained the mystery and relieved the countryman.—*Augusta Dispatch*.

ALL IN BANGOR.—The Rev. Mr. Martin, of Bellington, Maine, a man of decided talent and worth, was also somewhat noted for his eccentricity and humor, which occasionally showed themselves in his public ministrations. In the time of the great land-speculations in Maine, several of his prominent parishioners and church-members were carried away with the mania of buying lumber tracts. Mr. Martin resisted this speculating spirit, and more than once rebuked it in his sermons. One evening, at his regular weekly prayer-meeting, he noticed that several of his prominent men were absent, and he knew at once they were gone to Bangor to attend a great land sale. After a hymn had been sung, he said:

"Brother Allen, will you lead us in prayer?"

Some one spoke up and said—

"He is gone to Bangor."

Mr. Martin, not disconcerted in the least, called out—

"Deacon Barber, will you lead us in prayer?"

"He has gone to Bangor," another answered.

Again the pastor asked—

"Squire Clarke, will you pray?"

"The squire has gone to Bangor," said some one; and Mr. Martin being now satisfied, looked round upon the little assembly as if the same reply would probably be given to every similar request, and very quietly said—

"The choir will sing Bangor, and then we will dismiss the meeting."

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The *Buffalo Republic* gives the following answers to correspondents' queries:

Enquirer.—The Fourth of July does not occur on the 22d of February, nor is it, as you suppose, commemorative of anything that ever happened to the Rochester Union.

Roberston.—He was not hid in the slop-pail. He was under the bed.

Mother.—Reverse and spank.

Bride.—Victoria pine can be had at S. O. Barnum's.

Statistics.—Seven times five are thirty-five.

Helen.—You can keep them up with "elastics."

Medicus.—Apply shoemaker's wax and then squeeze it.

Geographer.—Rochester is on the canal east of Lockport.

Stomachache.—Fifteen drops each of laudanum and camphor, and rub it.

Ambition.—Very few men will descend so far. To be spoken of for alderman, involved in reputation, friends, and citizenship. You can imagine what a man must be to be elected as such.

ANECDOTE OF AUDUBON.—The great naturalist was on the look out for the red-headed wood-peckers, and was very anxious to obtain a specimen. Seeing one fly into a hole in a tree, a long way up, he pulled off his coat and climbed up with the energy that never failed him. Puffing and sweating, he reached it at last, and putting in his hand to seize the bird, to his great dismay a snake stuck his head out of the hole and hissed in his face. This was so unexpected and frightful that Audubon let go his hold and tumbled to the ground, more dead than alive. His companion came running up to him, and seeing the naturalist was not hurt, but was dreadfully frightened, said to him: "Ah! you are very much frightened, doctor?" "No, sir," replied the doctor, quite offended: "but if you want to see von badly scared snake, just go up dare!"

MORAL TENDENCY.—"Where is your little boy tending?" asked the good man, as he was inquiring of Mrs. Parlington with regard to the proclivities of Ike, who had a hard name in the neighborhood—he meant the direction for good or ill that the boy was taking. "Well," said the old lady, "he isn't tending anywhere yet. I thought some of putting him into a wholesome store, but some says the ringtail is the most beneficial, though he isn't old enough yet to go into a store." "I mean morally tending," said her visitor solemnly, straightening himself up like an axe handle. "Yes," said she, a little confused, as though she didn't fully understand, but didn't wish to insult him by saying she didn't, "yes, I should hope he'd tend morally, though there's a great difference in shopkeepers, and the moral tenderness in some seems a good deal less than in others, and in others a good deal more. A shopkeeper is one that you should put confidence into, but I've always noticed sometimes that the smilingest of them is the deceivingest. One told me the other day that a calico would wash like a piece of white, and it did just like it, for all the color washed out of it." "Good morning, ma'am," said the visitor, and stalked out with a long string attached to his heel by a piece of gum that had somehow got upon the floor beneath his feet.—*Boston Gazette*.

WHAT'S A VISITATION.—Mr. Spearman, of Newton Hall, at the recent dinner of the Durham County Agricultural Society, was reminded, by the absence of clergymen, of a story which perhaps might be permitted to relate, as he had it from a very good source, viz., from a very excellent divine who was himself a presbyter of the cathedral church of Durham. Two honest farmers in riding along together encountered a large number of clergymen, and one of them said to the other, "Where were all these persons coming from?" To this his friend replied, "They have been at a visitation." The other, no wiser than before, says, "What's a visitation?" and the answer was, "Why, it's where all the persons goes once a year and swaps their sermons." (Laughter.) His friend, on being thus enlightened, quietly remarked, "Dang it, but our chap man get the worst on it every time." (Roars of laughter.)

IT LEAKS.—A friend, says an exchange, returning from a depot a few mornings since with a bottle of freshly imported "Maine Law," saw a young lady whom he must inevitably join. So, putting the bottle under his arm, he softly walked alongside.

"Well," said the young lady, after disposing of health and the weather, "what is that bundle under your arm?"—from which she discovered a dark fluid dripping.

"Oh! nothing but a coat that the tailor has been mending for me."

"Oh! it's a coat, is it? Well you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up one more hole—it leaks!"

PEARS ON QUINCE STOCKS.—For twenty-five pear trees to be selected from fifteen varieties, we would plant—

In one hundred trees of fourteen varieties of Apples, we should plant as follows:

6 Amer. Summer Pear; 4 White-Seek-No-Farther

main; 4 Early Harvest; 4 Rambler;

2 Fair Pippin; 4 Red Astrachan;

4 Golden Pippin; 4 D'Ux's 1st Greening;

4 Hayns; 4 Kotschy Russet;

4 Gravenstein; 4 Espous Spitzenburg;

4 Fowralder; 4 Williams' Favorite;

2 Yoder Pippin, or the Maiden's Blush;

Newtown Pippin; 4 Hubbardston's None;

such; 2 Lady Apple;

100

PEARS.—For twenty-five pear trees to be selected from fifteen varieties, we would plant—

From twenty varieties we should select the following fifty:

2 Bloodgood; 2 Seckel; 2 Belle Lucrative;

2 Dumbarton's Seedling; 1 Bramble;

2 Rosineau; 2 Bonne Bousse;

2 Grise; 2 Pippin; 2 Red Diamond;

2 Bartsch; 2 Ott; 2 Urviale's St. Germain,

(baking)

25

CHERRIES.—For one dozen Cherries the following will meet every requisition, and cannot be excelled. One tree of each variety might be enough, according to space and demand:

2 Governor Wood; 2 Triumph of Cumberland;

2 Black Tartarian; 2 Early Richmond;

1 Bigarreau; 1 Early; 1 Downer's Late;

1 Black Eagle; 1 Easter Buerre;

1 Mayduke; 1 Kirtland's Mary;

12

PEACHES.—The following list of Peaches for general cultivation is perhaps as good as can be presented. It has the sanction of the best authority. They ripen in the order in which they are here placed:

Freshstones. Nivette. Ward's Late Free.

Early York. Ward's Late Free.

Early Newington. Noblesse.

Coolidge's Favorite. Late Red Renipe.

George IV. Bergon's Yellow.

Grose Mignonne. Druid Hill.

Grifford's Early. Clingstones.

Hayward. Large White.

Oldmixon Free. Oldmixon.

Morris White.

Health.

RASPBERRIES.—It is useless to go any farther than the two varieties which we annex:

Allen; Brinckie's Orange.

The Allen, so named or called by our friend Miller, of Calmdele, Lebanon, we have always known as the English Purple, but strange as it may appear, Downing says not a word about it.

He has hunted up every worthless variety

throughout the world, and gives small praise to those deserving it; but we can assure our readers that the Allen, as we shall hereafter call it, has been known and cultivated in this vicinity for fifty years, and is believed to have come originally from England. We have often referred to it as a hardy, productive, popular and indispensable variety. In the Philadelphia market, we have been frequently told by those who sold it there, that it brought a higher price than any other. It is a firm fruit and carries well. We have cultivated it certainly for a dozen years, and never failed in an abundant crop. It propagates itself generally by the ends of the young wood bending down and taking root. There are very few shoots from the spreading roots, but an abundance from the stool. It is perfectly hardy and always reliable. It ripens a week or ten days before the

pears, and will pull up much corn planted in this way.

Some may say that corn will not grow after

such a hot water process; but to such I would say try and see.—*Correspondent New England Farmer*.

COAL TAR FOR CROWS.—In the "Farmer" of the 26th ult., appears an article on "The Crow," by "Young Farmer;" he seems to have been tormented by this colored gentle man. It may be acceptable to him, and perhaps to others, to know how to prepare their seed corn, so that neither crows nor blackbirds, nor any other bird, will pull more than one or two grains.

Have your corn all ready, take about a pailful of boiling hot water, and add to it about a pint of coal tar; stir, and let stand for two or three minutes, and turn in your seed corn; stir it round three or four times, then turn out into a sieve so as to hold the corn together and let the water go; now roll your corn in ashes or plaster. All that must be done in the shortest time possible; when the corn is taken out of the water, each grain will have a light coating of tar, and by rolling in ashes or plaster, it keeps it from sticking to the hands. Crows will not pull up much corn planted in this way.

Some may say that corn will not grow after

such a hot water process; but to such I would say try and see.—*Correspondent New England Farmer*.

SCOTCH SNUFF VS. GREEN-FLY AND THIRPS.—I find accidentally that a slight powdering of common Scotch snuff destroys green-fly and thrips. I should feel obliged if you would say whether there is any objection to the use of it generally. [None except expense.] I ask because so much has been written lately about the aphic powder that I conclude there must be some good reason against the use of snuff, in itself the cheapest and easiest used powder, unless its subsequent effect on the plant is injurious. One ounce of Scotch snuff administered by a penny pepper-caster will go a long way in a green-house, and any one who will try it upon a bud or young shoot covered with the well known pest will have at least the satisfaction of seeing the whole force of the enemy strown on the surface of the pot in about five minutes, unless you decide that it is dangerous.

As to the Orange, it is the largest, handsomest and best of all Raspberries. It is proved also to be hardy. It stood the winter of 1856-7 well. With these two varieties we may turn our backs and snap our fingers at all



THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

BROWN.—"So, you're going to marry old Mrs. Yellowboys. Well, I think you're a dooced lucky fellow!"

JONES.—"By Jove, I don't think the luck is all on my side! If she finds money, hang it, I find blood and—haw—beauty!"

—London Punch.

PLANTING FRUIT TREES.

the rest. Especially shun the *Catawissa*. If you desire an ever-bearing, so called, get the *Ohio*.

CURRANTS.

The *Dutch Red* and *White*, and the *Neapolitan Black*. There is a large new variety called the *Ruby Castle* or *Cherry*, which is becoming popular, but is not more abundant than the other kinds, nor of any better quality. Its size is in its favor.

APPLES.

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2 Hubbardston's None;